

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

Vol. 4, No. 9, Feb., 1945

Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

New York, N. Y., 5 Cents

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

BY EDDIE DOHERTY

IT is melancholy, visiting old places. Especially visiting deserted shrines. Still, I am happy to have seen the places where Friendship House once lived in Canada.

There was the first house, a shabby red brick hovel on a red-brick side street in Toronto. Dirty and ragged kids were playing in the street. A little girl was cursing. Actually cursing. Two small boys were fighting. Another was throwing stones at passing autos.

The neighborhood had a foul smell. The buildings were filthy and decrepit. The atmosphere was one of ruin, decay, and hopelessness.

Here once, long ago, hundreds of kids were cared for. Here they learned about God. Here they sang hymns, played happy games, and lived in faith and charity and hope.

It was the same in Ottawa and in Hamilton.

Friendship House had gone; and with it all that Friendship House had taught.

And yet—

You remember that poem of the great old Russian poet, Tom Moore?

"You may break, you may shatter,

The vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses
Will cling to it still."

The vase was shattered, and the pieces cleaned up and put away. And yet, in Toronto, in Ottawa, and in Hamilton, I met groups of people who had worked and taught in Friendship House. Some of them were elderly people. Some of

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Friendship House Clothing Room

By MARIE CEPICAN

*"I was naked and you clothed me
I was hungry and you gave me to eat."*

THE Friendship House Clothing Room, which has functioned for six years, at 39 West 135th St., under the patronage of the meek St. Jean Vianney, Cure d'Ars, has just moved into larger quarters, next door to 41 West 135th St. It had to. The old place was too small for the many friends in need who came, and the clothing sent.

So here we are, Lucinda and I, surveying our new quarters. It

does not really look at all badly. For a clothing room where second-hand clothing is given to the poor, often can be, and alas often is, a depressing place. Not so ours. We sort of liken it to a little department store. And have sought to make it "interesting," for should it not be for those in need? Indeed it should!

So on this side are clothes for the ladies. On the other—for men. Over there for the children. Suits, dresses, coats are all neatly hung up—we can see sizes better that way. Lingerie, sweaters and skirts, as well as household linens are all put away neatly on special shelves. Little tables are laden with neckwear, jewelry, ribbons and purses. On a specially built shoe rack, shoes are placed in orderly rows. Hats have one too.

DISTRIBUTING days are busy ones. For experience has taught us to realize that the good folks who come for clothing were just as eager, if not more so, to get something of the spiritual, as well as the material. So before starting distribution, we give them a short, friendly talk on God and His Kingdom, sort of "Seek ye the Kingdom of God and all things shall be added to you," and they love it. For, strange as it may seem, so many are eager to learn about the Church, that even while the trying and sorting of garments goes on, for them, they ask us about our Faith. Out of all this have come many converts. Each of whom has been taken to their respective Parish Church, introduced to the Pastor or Curate by us, and enrolled in a course of instruction. And we have the joy of being present at their reception and baptism and Confirmation. Yes, the Clothing Room of Friendship House is

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Vol. 4



February, 1945 No. 9

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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Friendship House Staff Workers

Teach me to know Thee
 Lord.
 Dimly I see
 Thou art all beautiful
 Beauty IS Thee . . .

FROM the day of its foundation some fourteen years ago, Friendship House has had to answer many questions, but none so detailed as those asked about its "Staff Workers!" the people who carry on the many activities of its wide Lay Apostolate.

Is it a new "vocation?" What IS this Lay Apostolate? What is the life of a Staff Worker? Who is called to it? How does Friendship House get its Staff? Who can apply? What are the requirements? These and many more questions have been coming, and continue to come, in an ever increasing tempo from all parts of the U.S.A. and Canada.

It is in answer to these questions that this little pamphlet is being published. We place it under the patronage of the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Wisdom with an humble prayer for the increase of Friendship House Staff Workers. For never WAS THE HARVEST SO RIPE AND THE LABORERS SO FEW!!

VOCATION

This solemn, shining joyous word has become narrowed and austere. Yet it still means what it always meant—A SPECIAL CALL OF GOD TO A SPECIAL WAY OF LIFE, FOR WHICH GOD, WHO ISSUES THE CALL, GIVES ALL THE GRACES NEEDED FOR ITS FULFILLMENT.

It must not be narrowed to include only the call to Religious life. Vocation does not entail taking vows, a flight from the world, the sacrifice of a family. Catholic parents have a vocation; single persons living a life dedicated to God in the midst of the world have a vocation.

What counts most about a vocation? Not the PLACE but the PERSON. It has little to do with places, with austere places. It has everything to do with persons. Three Persons, whose name is God, whose Life is Love, to serve Whom is to reign.

In his marvelous book, "THE LAYMAN'S CALL," Father William R. O'Connor of St. Joseph's Seminary, New York, has helped to restore the notion of vocation to its pristine Christian purity.

He states that every Catholic has a vocation, has a special work to do for God, has the vocation to extend the kingdom of God in his own little world. He says that it calls for something beyond the irreducible minimum of fulfilling the commandments of God and of the Church, which are binding under pain of mortal sin. It is not satisfied as long as Christ

is not blasphemed, for maybe He is simply ignored; it drives us on till He is acknowledged and praised and served with loyalty and enthusiasm.

Archbishop Francis J. Spellman, too, has insisted that vocation is not for the few, but for the many. It is true, the Archbishop says, that "only a few received the vocation to work directly with Our Blessed Lord," nevertheless, "all of us are called to be co-missionaries, and, like the Good Shepherd, to be zealous for the sheep, who wander outside the fold."

"The Christian, if he does honor to the name he bears, is always an apostle." That is what Pius XII has said. And he has said it in a letter to the Bishops of the United States.

Friendship House has been set up in answer to the vocation to extend the Kingdom of Christ in this world. It is a special answer, to do a special work. It would bring honor to the name of Christian where it had little honor, namely on the inter-racial front. It would make Christ known where He is little known and recognized, namely, in the relations between human brothers of all races or nationalities, all of whom are Christ's brothers.

THE LAY APOSTOLATE

The lay Apostolate is not new. It was known and understood, and practiced by lay people from the earliest days of the Church. Since the days when Christ commanded His Apostles TO GO AND PREACH THE GOSPEL to the whole world, THEY and their successors have called lay apostles to help win their world to Christ, to work with them for the conversion of the world and to prepare the world to offer Sacrifice to the Father, the Sacrifice of Christ renewed on the altar, the Sacrifice of Christ and His people.

There has always been work for the laity to do—indispensable work. They have worked, each one in his own world, at the extension of the Kingdom of God on earth. They have worked by example, by helping to instruct, by the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and above all by Charity whose other name is Love—Charity to one another within the Faith, and to the neighbor outside of it.

In recent years, the crippling evils of paganism, materialism, extreme nationalism and atheism have struck hardest at the layman's world. The Popes have insisted that there can be only one answer and have raised their voices repeatedly, calling the Catholic Laity to arise and once again, become LAY APOSTLES. The vicars of Christ have stressed again and again . . . THAT ALL CATHOLICS ARE CALLED . . . OF BOTH SEXES . . . IRRESPECTIVE OF THEIR STATE OF LIFE . . . FROM THE AGE OF REASON TO THEIR DEATH. . .

So urgent and varied are the many modern problems, so tragic the infinite variety of modern heresies, so vast the ripe fields, that the priests alone have not been able to cope with them. The Catholic Laity has been asked by the Popes to help to leaven a society perilously poised on the edge of a moral and spiritual abyss.

In order to do this well, the Laity has been offered through the parishes and dioceses opportunities for training that cover the whole field of their leavening activities. Through these they can deepen the

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Staff Reporter

By N. J. G.

Christmas comes but once a year but sometimes cannot be forgotten. We remember it every time we say the Joyful Mysteries, so can you blame us if we think about it here again? Friendship House spirit was so evident at the Cubs' Christmas play. Melita coached the children for weeks, never once losing her patience. Flewie performed masterfully on the chimes which Father Fred lent to us. Marie's beautifully-played carols before the play got everyone into the right mood. Agnes was prompter, Nancy hostess, and Belle and Lu sat with the Cubs, holding a couple of little ones on their laps. Behind the scenes Audrey Heath dressed the children, improvising oriental garb on the spot. Dot and Elese straightened wings and searched for pins and lost halos. Such co-operation!

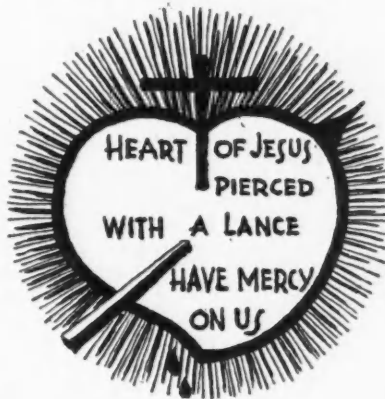
Many of these children are very gifted. Mary and the Angel Gabriel had a beautiful scene. Bennie Miller as the devil was a marvel of acting ability, but he certainly looked like a lost soul when we wouldn't let him in on the adoration scene at the end. At rehearsal he sneaked in anyway and sang "O Come Let Us Adore Him" at the top of his lungs, but at the performance he stayed out. There's lots of fun in working with such children.

Refreshments were plentiful at the Christmas party, ice cream, candy, cupcakes, sandwiches and milk, but the highlight of the party was the sailor, Louis Burgess, Elese's brother, who was a jolly and super-generous Santa Claus. First of all came his retinue of helpers, bearing baskets of gifts, and then Santa himself, the best I've ever seen. He loves children and has worked with them at camp. He also has lived in a neighborhood like this and knows all the temptations these children face so he gave them a funny little talk, weaving in warnings that were very apropos. Little Millie Drayton, with the big, trusting eyes, dreamed about him that night. All the Cubs had a brighter Christmas because

of him and the fine gifts our generous friends put into his hands.

New Year's Eve the staff and volunteers had a buffet supper in Madonna Flat. Belle made a delicious cheese tort and then the 18 of us played games until time to go to Holy Hour from 11 to 12 at the Paulist church. Our Lord must have been especially pleased to see a white boy from Baltimore and two white girls from Georgia overcoming that inherited race prejudice which produces such shocking situations in His churches in the South.

For instance, Joe Piper, a fine boy, whose mother is a little saint,



says in Florida he is pushed around by white ushers when he tries to get into one of the three pews roped off for colored. He minds it more for his bride than himself. He goes to Communion but she feels that it is only his uniform that protects him and she doesn't dare go. The other colored Catholic boys in camp don't go to Mass at all in the South. In many places they are not even allowed to enter the church. One colored woman Marie knows, knelt to say her prayers outside the church and she was brutally run out of town by the Ku Klux Klan. Wolves seem to be within as well as outside the sheepfold and you can imagine the agony of the Good Shepherd in the Tabernacle as He sees these faithful, humble, and loving sheep starved, wounded and driven away. Let us all pray very hard for the Catholics of the South, both white and colored, that God may give them the light to see the right and the courage to do it, realizing that He is with them and His strength will be sufficient for them.

WHO IS WHO IN FH

Foundress and General Director

BARONESS Catherine de Hueck, now Mrs. Edward J. Doherty-nee de Kolyschkin, known affectionately at FH as "The B." A Russian by birth—August 15, 1900. Isn't it a lovely day to be born on? The Feast of Our Lady's Assumption! Place of birth? A pullman coach—for her mother was on her way to the great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod on the Volga (now the town of Gorki), evidently the "B" wanted to see the Fair too, so officially it must be Nijni-Novgorod. That explains also why she traveled ever since . . . all over the world except South America and Australia.

What makes a Russian? The same thing that makes an American — the melting pot. Take the "B" again. Her father Theodore de Kolyschkin, who was in the Russian Army—a dashing hussar, and fought in several wars, that are history now, then went into the insurance business, and the Diplomatic Service . . . wrote books on the side, spoke many languages and was one of the best speakers of his day . . . Well, he was half Russian and half Polish . . . Her mother, a gentle, sweet little lady of 5.2 as against her father's 6.3, interested in what today are called "masses" but which to her were just people to help, who loved above all the country, and practiced what Catholics today call THE RURAL APOSTOLATE . . . teaching the "B" almost from babyhood, all the arts of homemaking and farm work, so that today the "B" proudly says that she knows how to spin and weave and bake bread and plough, reap, and preserve, as well as cook . . . well, that mother-Emma Thompson, was of French and English descent . . . So that makes the "B" RUSSIAN. In 1915, January 25, the "B" married Baron Boris de Hueck, in the Church of the Annunciation in Petrograd. In 1921, July it was, their one and only child was born, George-Theodore-Mario de Hueck. The years between? Why that would take several books to write . . . First World War. Red Cross nursing. Revolution. Death of twenty-two of her relatives. Loss

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Around the House

By ANN HARRIGAN

IT was just another "quiet" Saturday. Eight a.m. found a large crowd already gathered outside the Casita (305 East 43rd st.) for the clothing resale—snow, slush and cold notwithstanding. At the last minute several volunteers couldn't come, so Jody cheerfully joined the Mothers' Club—Mrs. Bennett, Baptiste, Baldwin, Joseph, Clay, Hagen and others, who were sponsoring it.

Trudging past the Casita, I opened the door of the Library (that's 309 East 43rd St.) and dropped into a new and different commotion. About forty kids were milling around, yelling for Mr. Bill, Mr. Cliff, Mr. Ken, Mrs. "Gold" (Scholes), all at once. O, yes—it's hiking day and today they've chosen to go to Hall Library—which incidentally contains the largest collection of Negroiana outside of the Schomburg Collection in New York's 135th Street Branch Public Library.

As I get past this little bedlam, shake the snow off me and get at my desk, I wind the clock and "light up" Our Lady and Blessed Martin. Outside the prospect is indeed dreary. A thick pall of grey soot makes more hideous this typical part of old Chicago—inside, the floor is all messed up from the snow—there is sweeping, dusting, cleaning-up in the library—Betty's in bed with 102° temperature! I don't even want to think of the kitchen, where the breakfast dishes still lie. For Teevy has been over in the Casita from early morning doing the clothing chores.

Louise is here as usual every Saturday for dictation. So, I find some *Friendship House News* copy for her to type, and I get the broom to sweep, dust, and straighten out the Library. Then for two solid hours, the letters fly thick and fast.

Meantime, dinner for fifteen to twenty hungry people is to be prepared—the extra workers plus Friendship House Staff. So our valiant woman, Teevy, gets busy in the kitchen, puts the confusion of boxes and bags into order—and gets together a swell stew, and we eat in two shifts.

* * *

We were practicing our play of social significance (depicting the persecution a Friendship House volunteer undergoes from friends and family), and Bill, who wrote the script—takes us home. Lo! Right in front of the mother, father and children our actors are spouting out the very criticisms some of those same family members have used to break down Bill's resistance!

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS! Marcella Kummer is marrying Lt. Arthur Klinge, U. S. N.—in California sometime next month. That makes four Friendship House volunteers out west. Hello, Mary Alice Stine, Marge Dresky and Jimmie Jones.

The sacrifices Marcella made to come to Friendship House and the hard work she put in for almost two solid years are part of the very fabric of Friendship House. Volunteers with her indefatigable spirit have taught us something precious. If anyone knows and lives *charitas et amor*, it is Marcella.

But Blessed Martin never leaves us in the lurch. We wish to welcome very heartily some of the new volunteers—George Clark, Evelyn Zygmuntowicz, Pat Waters, Joe Rozmarin.

FRIENDS: Mrs. Virginia Dobbins paid \$625 down on a house, which two days later, was burned by whites. How we will ever be able to make up for the suffering and real loss of the home to her is beyond us. The public apathy for this crime is part of the horrible picture. Meantime, can we not make some restitution by trying to raise the money lost? Please send your contributions, large or small, to the Dobbins Fund, c/o Chicago Friendship House.

KIDS KOLUMN

*Little Kings of Friendship House
Pay Visit to King of Kings.*

THE sixth of January is the feast of the Epiphany or "Little Christmas," and this year the Martinettes decided to celebrate the Manifestation of the Holy Child as well as His Birthday.

It was a cold, windy day, but fourteen brave youngsters left Friendship House on a pilgrimage to visit the Baby Jesus. Our first church was Corpus Christi. We went in and proceeded up to the Crib. There we saw the Baby, His Mother and Foster Father, Saint Joseph. Also the cow and donkey were standing right over the Baby. We knew they were so close that their breath might keep Him warm. After looking at Him for a few minutes, we all knelt down and asked Him to bless us, our parents, make us good boys and girls, end this war soon and bring all the boys back home to us.

From Corpus Christi, we rode the street car over to Saint Elizabeth's, our Parish Church. As we went in the door, Ruth Tyler asked Mr. Cliff if she could go up to the "gold box" he had been telling them about and play with the "real" Baby Jesus.

Coming over to the Crib, we noticed that there was a big, black elephant. How did he get there and why? Mr. Bill explained, "O that is what the Ethiopian King came on."

Father John came over and told us all about the Crib. Then he invited us to come to Church every Sunday and said he would like to start a Sunday School for us.

When we returned to the Casita, we found it bright with candlelight, the table decorated with presents, cookies and candies. The



snow had got in our shoes and our feet were all wet, so we took off our shoes and stockings and Mr. Don hung them on the radiator to dry. Thus "Little Christmas" ended happily with a little Christmas party.

B. Flynn.

LIKE other busy, commercial avenues, 43rd street was preparing for Christmas with window displays of dolls, toys, shoes and clothing. In marked contrast was the Casita window where people stood with awe as they gazed at the replica of the little "town of Bethlehem," quiet and full of expectancy. Ken's craft class had erected buildings of paper, an "Ancient" temple, and surrounded the city with a high wall. Dolores had taken brown wrapping paper and made a background of mountains, with shepherds watching over their flocks. Thus were busy shoppers reminded of Advent, that it was time to prepare for the Coming.

At Christmas time the town and mountains were put further back in the window and the Nativity Crib placed in the center. Beautiful, simple figures of wood from Rosemary's Monday night class told once more that the Saviour was born and the shepherds had come to adore Him.

* * *

Our Advent Wreath

FUNNY little red wreaths were all the ten-cent store had. Dismayed, but not discouraged, we were going to go ahead with the children's wreath anyway. And the ten-cent store did have a pink candle and some lovely faded blue ones that managed to look purple! Then just in time came a wonderful box of green pine branches and cones. At every recess during Advent we had a little ceremony and the children loved it. Thanks from all of us, Carl!

C. Thomas.

Personalism

By KENNETH LAWES

ANY fish can move with the water, but it takes a live one to swim against the stream. That is the way the conduct of the personalist stands out in contrast to that of the conformist in the turbulent stream of life. For the *personalist* is aware of the value of the human person in the whole scheme of things, while the *conformist* sees things more or less in the light of his own individual interests.

The personalist will stick out his neck in defense of truth and justice (come hell or high water), while the conformist will sit on the fence, cowardly bending to public opinion while the rights of his fellows are trampled upon.

Pope Pius XII, in defending the rights of oppressed people in war-torn Europe, even while Nazi planes roared over the Vatican, was acting as a personalist.

So was Bishop Sheil, when he rose up in the CIO convention and pleaded for the rights of the workman, the Negro and the Jew.

Friendship House, in seeking to restore all things in Christ, proclaiming interracial justice, and fighting anti-Semitism, is certainly following the personalist line first

laid down by Christ and followed by His successors.

But what is the value of the human person in the scheme of things? And what are his rights? To answer these questions we must first seek the answer to another question—*What is a person?* A person is a creature composed of body and soul and made to the image and likeness of God. He is a complete being in himself, is part of no other, and lacks nothing he needs to be a human being. For example, hydrogen needs oxygen to become water, but once you have both together in the right proportions, you do not need anything else to produce water. The water then exists by itself and has independence in being, and the same is true of the person.

His soul makes the person the chief of God's creatures in the universe. It renders him capable of determining his own acts, while all the lower creatures (minerals, plants, brute animals) lack the power. It makes him free and morally responsible for his acts. And in this consists the dignity of the human person—*his freedom*.

The human personality then is a thing of surpassing excellence, excellence perfected by the fact that the Son of God became man and died for all men so that each human person can now say, in the words of Monsignor Hillenbrand, "One of us is God."

This grandeur of the human person is still further enhanced by the privilege—open only to rational creatures—of being members of the Mystical Body of Christ. By it all members are united to each other and to Christ their head in a union surpassing anything the human mind can fathom. Can anyone refuse to be a personalist in the face of such splendor?

Finally, the value of the human person lies in its supernatural end. By it all men are called to share the very life of God in heaven forevermore.

It is here that Marxist communism, nazism and fascism commit their most dastardly error. For by their materialistic philosophy, they swallow up the human person in the totalitarian state and treat him as mere material without a soul and without any chance to work freely toward his supernatural end.

Nor does bourgeois capitalism, in the present economic setup, with its grinding assembly lines, curtail-

ment of the rights of workingmen, and utter neglect of spiritual values, leave the human person much better off.

BUT man is a social animal. He, therefore, needs his fellow men to attain both his physical as well as his moral perfection (as St. Thomas Aquinas teaches). From his human person flow his rights and duties toward society which he must perform for the welfare of the whole.

The Declaration of Independence in agreement with the teachings of St. Thomas, affirms that all men have certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Since they flow from God to the human person, no individual or group has any right to deny them. Yet when we look upon the contemporary social scene we find flagrant violations of all these rights. Chicago (and the picture could be duplicated all over the U. S.) still has a tragic Jim-Crow problem that festers and does not build up the Mystical Body.

(Continued next month)

CHICAGO FRIENDSHIP HOUSE— STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS FOR THE TEN MONTHS ENDED OCT. 31, 1944

Receipts \$7,594.86

Disbursements

Petty Cash	\$661.28
Loans Receivable	67.54
Periodicals	538.77
Traveling Expense	501.85
Office Supplies	249.78
Express Charges	60.32
General Supplies	22.34
Gifts and Donations	500.40
Employees, Rent and Expense (9 staff)	1,939.49
House Expense	759.10
Bank Charges	27.05
Gas	30.89
Electricity	102.61
Telephone	29.97
Hospitalization	74.20
Accounting	27.50
Entertainment	20.00
Rent	2,100.00
Repairs and Maintenance	72.12
Publicity	20.10
Summer Camp	144.00

Total Disbursements \$7,949.31
Cash Balance, Jan. 1, 1944 \$883.06
Cash Receipts, Jan. 1, 1944—
Oct. 31, 1944 (deposited) 7,517.28

Total Available Cash.... \$8,400.34
Cash Disbursement, Jan. 1,
1944—Oct. 31, 1944 7,949.31

Balance per bank—Oct. 31,
1944 \$ 451.03

Valentine

To my true love

I pen a line:

Dear Jesus, be

My Valentine;

And with Thy keepsakes

Kindly place

This heart I send Thee,

Trimmed with grace,

So that to Mary

We may boast

That of my loves,

I love Thee most!

Lucine Pawlowski

The Baroness Jots It Down

HAPPY...holy...blessed New Year to you all, our dear friends and readers. For though all around us is the roar of guns and planes as they fly on their mission of death and destruction...we can be happy...if we follow the paths of LOVE...which are the paths of Holiness...for the two are ONE...and if we do, then our year will be blessed in its hopes...losses...pains...joys...and even death...for all these then will be in the Lord. So, let us make one resolution...and one only, that will change the face of the world if we keep it...**LET US EACH ACCORDING TO OUR ABILITY WORK AT RE-ESTABLISHING ALL THINGS IN CHRIST.**

And let us neither worry nor fear when our intentions and efforts are misconstrued by those who are accustomed to measure the divine by human standards. To these with His Holiness of saintly memory, Pope Pius X, let us answer...**"That all we desire is to be instruments and servants in God's hands, for GOD'S CAUSE IS OUR CAUSE."**

* * *

MANY of our readers and members of Friendship House Outer Circle have asked us to allow them to "meet" all the Directors and Staff Members of Friendship House, via little "pen sketches" or "minute biographies." We all feel very flattered at this request and happy to comply with it, as we are really delighted to be met by you, dear friends, who have been so gracious and generous to us. I will, therefore, start the ball rolling by presenting mine first. Selfish of me? No, just a matter of good example...for it is never easy to write about oneself. However, here goes...in another part of this paper. But how about reciprocating and sending us a little pen sketch of each of you?

* * *

THE Pio Decimo Press, Box 53, Baden Staten, St. Louis 15, Mo., is publishing a wonderful little magazine, **THE LIVING PARISH**...subscription is only \$1.00...they also have a wonderful choice of Catholic books. Mrs. Mildred Loomis, a school teacher and social worker who settled so gloriously on a "Homestead" of her own...has started a little magazine...**THE INTERPRETER**...I don't know the price of it...but why not write and find out...The address is **MRS. LOOMIS, LANE'S END HOMESTEAD, BROOKVILLE,**

OHIO...if anyone of our readers has a relative, or a friend who is sick, or shut in...why not subscribe to the "Good Samaritan"...of the Apostolate of Suffering at 1551 North 34th Street, Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin. It is a wonderful little paper that helps so many to see God in their sufferings...subscription is 25 cents a year.

* * *

SPEAKING of Catholic books, magazines, pamphlets, don't forget our own Marie Cepican...who has started a wonderful **READING ROOM** in Friendship House this year...**PLEASE DO SEND HER ALL THOSE YOU CAN SPARE...EACH AND EVERYONE DOES GOD'S WORK IN HARLEM**...Same address as that of this paper.

Yes, and another idea came to me. As you know, none of the Staff Workers of Friendship House get any remuneration (salary, etc.) for their work. But they need a little spending money for carfare, hair cuts, dry cleaning, etc. How would you like to "adopt" a Staff Worker of FH for your own. Correspond with them. Remember them on their feast and birthdays, and **HOLY DAYS**, and supply the \$5.00 a month. Is that a bad idea or a good one? Being a Third Order Franciscan, I have acquired the begging mind...and when a problem comes up...I remember the Lord's injunction—"ask and you shall receive." So I do.

* * *

THANK you and thank you all, friends, new and old, of Friendship House...both of NYC and Chicago...and all the forty-eight states...for your wonderful Christ-like generosity to us at Christmas...which has been the best one since the foundation of FH fourteen years ago!!! May the Lord thank YOU with a measure pressed down and overflowing!

Who Is Who In FH

(Continued from page 3)

of all property accumulated by the family since the 11th century, (for that is when the de Kolyschskines appeared on the Russian scene, and a fighting bunch they were—maybe they had some Irish in them!—flight to Finland... England... Canada... that was the way the "B" came to America.

IN 1930 she founded her first Friendship House in Toronto, Canada, by request of the Bishop of that Diocese, and has been doing that ever since... founding and running them! The second in Ottawa... next in New York, then Chicago... if you ask her where the next one after that will be... she will smile and say "Where the Holy Ghost wants it most."

The years in between? Why, nothing special happened. She worked hard for a living at all kinds of jobs. Laundress, factory worker, waitress, for she had to support her son George, the little gentle lady, her mother, who was a refugee too, with two kid brothers all in Belgium—Serge and Andrew. Eventually she got a swell job as assistant manager to a big business firm at \$125 per week... but then she gave it up, to start FH. So in the years between nothing special happened.

Her education? Well, it was pretty good. And she speaks lots of foreign languages too... But we in FH never go around mentioning degrees and such. To us of FH family, they can mean only additional responsibilities and tools in the service of the Lord, given to those He chooses for the extension of His kingdom on earth.

Well do we know, that before the Lord we shall not be judged by the degrees of our academic knowledge... but by the knowledge **AND LOVE WE HAD OF AND FOR HIM AND OUR NEIGHBOR. AND THESE HAVE LITTLE TO DO WITH DEGREES.** So simply and naturally FH passes over them, and the "B" is no exception.

Around 1939, Eddie Doherty, the newspaperman and writer, came to interview the "B" about Harlem and its conditions. So in June, 1943, they were married by Bishop Sheil in St. Andrews, Chicago.

And that is how FH family acquired a foster-father.

BOOK REVIEW

By CATHERINE de HUECK

THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY,
by Rev. P. H. Furfey, Ph.D.
Bruce Publishing Co, \$2.00.

ONCE in a while, alas only too rarely, unto the contemporary Catholic scene comes a courageous soul who is not afraid to call the world back to **THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF CHRIST AND THAT WITHOUT ANY COMPROMISE**...Not afraid to open the wounds of the Mystical Body and administer such germicides as they might need...not afraid to speak of the Devil, as the Devil and his works (**THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY**) should be spoken of...bluntly and fearlessly. Father P. H. Furfey, head of the Sociology Department of Catholic University **IS SUCH A SOUL**. Thank God for him.

The table of contents, alone, looks strange to our modern minds, which in the majority have tried either to forget, or even deny the very existence of the devil, who once was a mighty Angel with all the nature of an Angel, who now fallen, still retains his powerful intellect, but uses it well and constantly against God.

"Satan and Social Problems"...
"Catholic Conformism"...
"Christ Was No Conformist"...
"The Mammon of Wickedness"...
"Conformism and Race"...
"Exaggerated Nationalism"...
"Come Out From Among Them and Be Separated"...
...are but a few of the chapters of this vital and interesting book.

Today in a world of chaos and calamity the ills of society cannot be explained in purely human terms...consequently they cannot be fought effectively with purely human weapons. How then can the ills of modern society be explained? And what are those weapons with which we can fight them?

BE SURE TO READ FATHER FURFEY'S FRANK, STRONG, TIMELY BOOK...FOR IF YOU DON'T...THE CHAOS MIGHT ENGULF...YOU!!

Friendship House Clothing Room

(Continued from page 1)

certainly a wonderful place to work in!

SO many times the thought comes to me, that you, our friends and benefactors, who have been so generous, so constantly kind in sending the clothes we give away, perhaps have never thought, that when you face Our Lord, He will smilingly say to you: "I was naked and you clothed me," for that warm coat, dress, suit, which you sent we just gave to that nice old man, or that gentle, tired mother, was really sent and given to Christ Himself! Have you ever thought of that, dear friends? If not, do! And the thought will console you. Help you to bear the darkness of these hard war days.

One question that reoccurs frequently, both puzzles, and I confess, irritates me quite a bit. "How do you know who is worthy?" People constantly want to know. Who are we to judge? And what if we clothe many before we reach the one who is almost literally naked? What is the value of clothing but to lift somebody's moral spirit? For when the spirit is lifted, the soul follows. So much so at times, that one poor woman knelt in the Clothing Room once, and thanked God, shedding tears of gratitude. For when she came in, her clothing was literally in tatters. When she left, through your generosity and God's grace, to us in Friendship House, she was completely outfitted.

YES, clothing seems to be a passport to friendship in Friendship House, for many of our friends want and do come back "just to talk" to us, and this time it is to satiate another need—"hunger"—that of God. And because the number of these increases daily, and because our little Clothing Room cannot hold both the "Naked" and the "Hungry," we have taken the next-door store and remodeled it into a larger and more spacious Clothing Room and fixed the old one into a Reading Room, where we shall "talk about God and His Truths; God and the things of God" to our mutual heart's content.

There will be Catholic magazines and pamphlets to read, books

to browse through. It will, we hope, be a cozy place, where everyone will be welcome to spend half an hour or more to rest, read and talk.

We plan to make it also a Catholic literature distribution center. Please help us with this. For many want to "take" magazines, pamphlets, leaflets, home to read at leisure. Do send us all you can spare. **PLEASE**. And we also gratefully accept donations of tea, condensed, evaporated milk and sugar, for we plan to serve tea to warm those who are cold, and there are many. Here is an opportunity to use ration points for Christ. (Strange how many things we can use for Him)!

Not a grand plan is it, and yet through it many a lonely, weary soul, we hope, will find warmth, kindness, hospitality and welcome. In a word, Charity, whose other name is Love. For it means so much when someone cares and someone shows how good God is. And moreover, does, right on the Market Place, as the Popes want us to do.

REMEMBER, HE ONCE SAID, THESE ARE MY LITTLE ONES ...AND WHAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR THEM...YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME.

CAN WE SAY THE SAME?

"I NEVER spoke ill in the slightest degree whatever of anyone, and my ordinary practice was to avoid all detractions; for I used to keep most carefully in mind that I ought not to assent to, nor say of another, anything I should not like to have said of myself. I was extremely careful to keep this resolution on all occasions; though not so perfectly, upon some great occasions that presented themselves, as not to break it sometimes. But my ordinary practice was this; and thus those who were about me, and those with whom I conversed, became so convinced that it was right that they adopted it as a habit. It came to be understood that where I was, absent persons were safe; so they were also with my friends and kindred, and with those whom I instructed."

By St. Teresa of Avila (1515-1582).

Lights and Shadows

(Continued from page 1)

them were still young. They had been kids in Friendship House.

Men and women who speak—and continuously—of God. Men and women who are shining examples of Catholicity, and who are daily extending the Kingdom of God.

The scent of the roses still clings; and sweetens even the melancholy that haunts the neighborhoods where Friendship Houses were.

Staff Workers

(Continued from page 2)

knowledge of their Holy Faith, learn hundreds of modern ways of imparting it; recognize heresies when they hear them, find ways of fighting such heresies intelligently and ceaselessly, realize their **PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY** for the plight of their neighbors and nations in the social and economic field, and discover ways to correct this plight. The immense need of corporal and spiritual works of mercy is explained to them and personalized ways of practicing them to the full are offered.

True, before they could set out to do that, they would themselves have to be "CONVERTED" to the fullness and beauty of Christ's Gospel, and to integrate its tenets **FULLY** into their daily lives. Thus starting with themselves . . . daily growing in the knowledge and love of God . . . then spilling over, as it were, with that knowledge and love . . . they could not help but attract mankind to Christ, Who would then shine vividly through them . . . and thus extend the Kingdom of His truth . . . killing the corrosive heresies that today eat out the very souls of men . . . and lead them inevitably to chaos.

THE LAY APOSTOLATE FRIENDSHIP HOUSE STYLE

(What manner of life is theirs?)

Friendship House begins by accepting fully the outline of the Lay Apostolate, as given above. Its particular "style" of putting it into practice consists in the deepening of its spirit and letter.

Reverently listening to the voices of the Pontiffs calling all Catholics to the Lay Apostolate, the members of Friendship House Staff answer that call **BY DEDICATING THEIR**



WHOLE LIVES EXCLUSIVELY TO IT. What for all Catholics is but a broadening of their Catholicity, is to the Staff Workers of Friendship House a life's work, an all-day job. They have no other.

They view their vocation with utter simplicity. They take no vows. Their days are spent in such spiritual exercises and recreations as are possible and natural to every Catholic lay person. They differ from the ordinary laity only in the matter of work, for their working hours are spent in the countless activities of the Lay Apostolate. For these they receive no pay.

To clarify—those desiring to join the Staff Workers of Friendship House must be ready to **DEDICATE INWARDLY THEIR WHOLE LIVES TO ITS FORM OF LAY APOSTOLATE.** We repeat—**INWARDLY**—because this dedication is neither binding under pain of mortal sin, nor encompassed by any binding promises or vows. And also, because it may come to pass that during their life time God might clearly manifest His Most Holy Will and call them to another vocation, such as the Holy Priesthood, the Religious Life or Matrimony.

Though not taking any vows, the Staff Members of Friendship House endeavor to practice and grow in the spirit of the Counsels considering these as a necessary part of the

spiritual growth of all Catholics.

OBEDIENCE they accept as all Catholics should. Obedience to the laws of their Country and the Church. But they endeavor to excel especially in the latter, realizing that therein lies a short cut to God's blessing, the success of their common work, the progress of their individual souls, and the best example for their fellow men in these days of anti-clericalism.

CHASTITY, in and out of wedlock, they accept in the manner of all Catholics. But they strive mightily to acquire the full inner spirit of this lovely virtue, and to pass it on to a world which seems to have forgotten its very existence.

HOLY POVERTY is the only one they live in a manner different from the general practice of the Catholic Laity. They accept it as a fact. They not only cultivate the **SPIRIT** of poverty (as all Catholics should) but going further accept, as fully as is humanly possible and compatible with their work and life, the **STATE OF BEING POOR.** Still without vows, of course. They realize that the virtue of poverty can be more than a glorious spirit to acquire. They know that the **STATE OF BEING POOR** can be today a most potent and necessary spiritual weapon for the extension of **CHRIST'S KINGDOM** in their particular type of work. Admittedly the **STATE OF BEING POOR** is a radical technique, but it acts like a dash of cold water on the face of a world that is drunk and delirious from softness and comfort and compromise.

(To be continued next issue)

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Mother Mission House
Selma, Alabama

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